## Social Siberia, The bitter pill

Will you get there you go? would you let the wind carry your name? would there be blood on your hands? would you dance in the ruins you where made?

when your world falls to pieces would it be as you like?

will there still be what you ask for? will there be things you pray for?

when your world falls to pieces will it be what you really want? write back. what is ours?

will you get there you go? when the pain remains as a bitter pill will I taste as a victim to your lips? please erase me for better or for worse

And its always insincere and you live on broken share will you belong to something new And its always insincere and youre living day by day waring that crown, since you fell from that cliff.